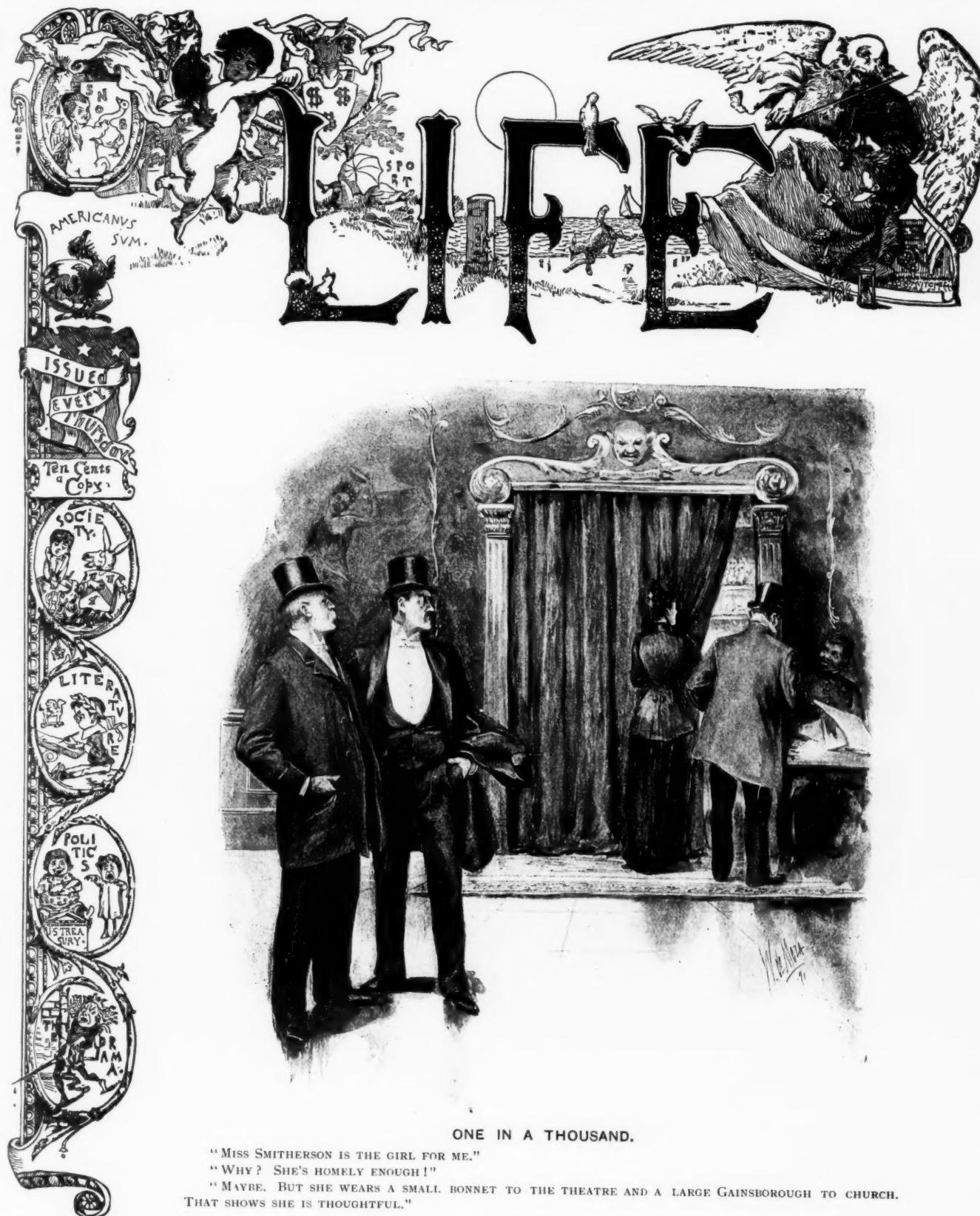


VOLUME XIX.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 21, 1892.

NUMBER 473.

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## ONE IN A THOUSAND.

"MISS SMITHERSON IS THE GIRL FOR ME."

"WHY? SHE'S HOMELY ENOUGH!"

"MAYBE. BUT SHE WEARS A SMALL BONNET TO THE THEATRE AND A LARGE GAINSBOROUGH TO CHURCH.  
THAT SHOWS SHE IS THOUGHTFUL."

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Girdle complete.

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GO WITH EVERY COPY OF

## Life's Monthly Calendar!

It tells you everything, and more, too. Rich and Poor may have it now,  
as the price is now only 10 cents, with

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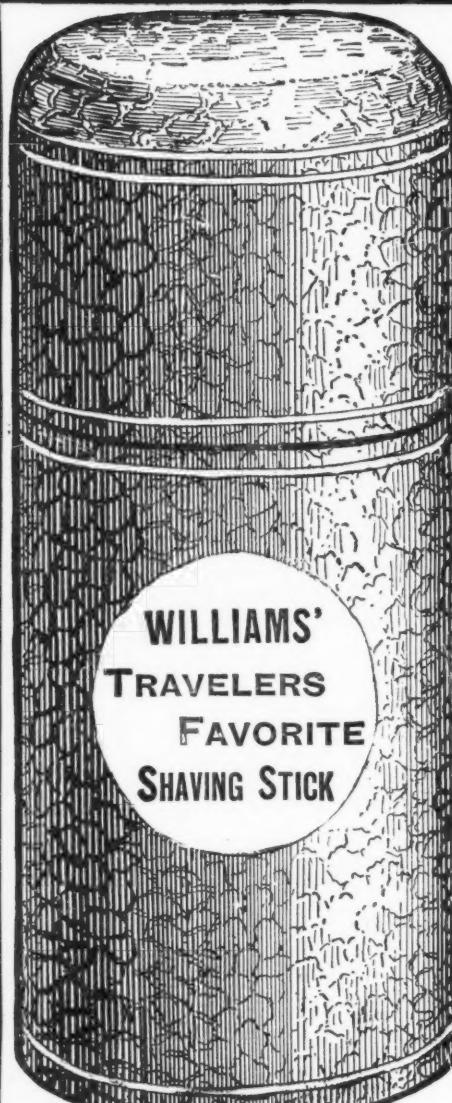


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A LITTLE PARTY FOR THE OPERA.

"AND WHOM SHALL WE INVITE NEXT?—MR. BROWN?"  
"No. LET US HAVE SOME ONE WHO CAN TALK."

## THE REAL REASON.

"HOW on earth can Hardy stand the strain of nursing that old uncle of his as he does? He must have wonderful will power, mustn't he?"

"His uncle has that."

SHE: Do you know, I have often wondered why a fellow so imaginative as you are, and so fond of reading poetry, shouldn't write poetry himself.

HE: That is very easily explained. I have to earn my own living.

ADVICE from the Century Dictionary, page 4908.—"To pop the question. See pop."

## INFERENCES FROM OUR CARTOON.

WE have forgotten how the Chilian Minister to Washington conducted himself during the late disagreement between the Northern and Southern States.

If, holding a diplomatic position, he had countenanced and abetted Jefferson Davis and his associates, we fear some of our more turbulent citizens might have made it unpleasant for any Chilian sailors in the streets of New York.

If in addition, the Chilian representative at Washington had not been a Chilian at all, but a political refugee from another country, a dynamiter, and an upholder of an organized murder society, we should hardly have blamed our fellow-citizens for assuming a belligerent attitude towards Chili and the Chilians.

If he had been a political adventurer seeking to feather his own nest and a professional blatherskite with an itch for making trouble, we should have been pleased to see him conducted to the borders of our own country with an armed escort.

And we should have had a very poor opinion indeed of the Chilian government which could send such a representative to this country.



Agent of the Matterhorn Flats: No, sir; THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE BUILDING DID NOT LEAVE US ROOM FOR AN ELEVATOR, BUT WE HAVE WHAT WE CONSIDER A MUCH SUPERIOR ARRANGEMENT IN OUR ELECTRIC, SELF-ACTING, MERRY-SWISS-BOY-MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING-TOURIST-CHAIR-AUTOMATON. JUST WAIT A MINUTE, AND YOU'LL HEAR HIM YODEL.



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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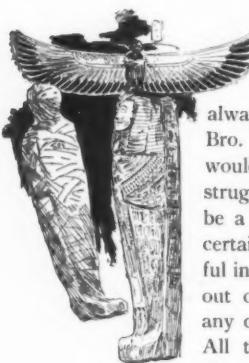
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IT appears from the last will of the late Mrs. R. L. Stuart, that that good lady left her soul to her Maker, her body to the tomb, and her pictures and various collections to the Lenox Library. If we are very good, we may meet Mrs. Stuart's spiritual essence again in some future state, but unless we are resurrectionists, or persons of exceptional perseverance, it is probable that we have viewed her mortal remains and her collections for the last time.

One reason, it seems, why Mrs. Stuart left her pictures and things as she did was that she wanted them kept together—which was a natural feeling, and applicable alike to her bones, and to her books and bric-a-brac. Another motive which may have had its influence was suggested by President John Kennedy of the Lenox institution, when he said: "Mrs. Stuart knew, that during my lifetime at least, and my connection with the institution, its doors would not be opened on Sunday."

\* \* \*



LIFE isn't going to quarrel with Mrs. Stuart and Mr. Kennedy for being Scotch Presbyterians, but it is fair to retort that if closed doors had always been a recommendation to testators, Bro. Kennedy's Fifth Avenue Mausoleum would long ago have burst out its sides in the struggle to hold its accumulations. It may be a little more liberally managed now, but certainly for many years it was more successful in keeping interesting plunder intact and out of the sight of the general public than any other untaxed institution in New York. All the same, from a collector's point of view, the Lenox Library is a bully place for collections, and some day when we have a Japanese earth-

quake, our friends, the working-people, will have a great chance to cultivate their artistic taste.

IT is a pleasure to felicitate Uncle John Sherman on his recapture of the Senatorial dignity. Uncle John is a desirable man to have in the Senate, as Senators go, and has many qualities and much knowledge and experience, which should make him useful there. But if the Ohio electors had returned only Uncle Sherman's last winter's "arctics" to occupy his seat for the next six years, it would have been a useful job, in that it kept Gen. Foraker at home.



A CORRESPONDENT of the valued *New York Sun* has discovered one of LIFE's recent jokes in a venerable volume of reminiscences of Scottish character. If there is any reason to believe that a Scotch gentleman originated the joke, let the honor and glory be his. LIFE may not have plagiarized, but honestly duplicated it; but remembering the anecdote that the Prophet Nathan narrated to King David, it would rather leave the deceased Scot in sole possession of his *jeu d'esprit*. It is a fact, though, that the statute of limitations works against perpetual property in witticisms.



CORRESPONDENTS of newspapers are still concerned with the sinfulness of Harvard's D. K. E., which has spread its follies on its outer wall and invited the general public to take exception to them.

Owing to the benevolence of the more recent members of the society in sharing their amusements, both convivial and ceremonious, with the good people of Suffolk and Middlesex counties, in Massachusetts, it would seem that there was nothing hidden about the society which has not been fully revealed, and published with appropriate illustrations. Dr. Eliot's astute relegation of the society to the court of public opinion seems to have been phenomenally successful, and in deference to prevailing sentiment it is respectfully suggested that the society shall allow its objectionable practices to fall into desuetude, and agree to accept from neophytes in future a certificate of attendance at a full course of Lowell Institute lectures as an adequate qualification for its membership.

\* \* \*

POOR De Maupassant has gone mad, and Tolstoi is ill at ease in his intellects. If authors hope to live peaceful lives and die pleasantly they cannot be too careful about the morals of their literature.

AGAIN THE HAT.

PARK: How did you like the play?

HE: Not so bad as to color, but the ribbon was cheap stuff, and the feathers looked as though they'd done service before.

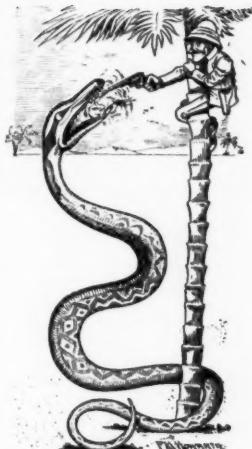
SHE: What are you talking about? I asked you how you liked the play?

HE: Oh, the play! Thought you were asking me about that hat in front of me. That's all I saw there.

A SURE CURE.

STRANGER: And so you believe in Prof. Chloride's cure for drunkenness?

RED NOSED ENTHUSIAST: Believe in it! How can I help believing in it? I've been cured six times.



BASE-BALL IN AFRICA.

*The Boa:* SAY, GET ONTO MY CURVES.

*The Traveller (as he empties his revolver):* GOOD! BUT HOW DO YOU LIKE MY IN-SHOOTS?

MRS. GADD: How is your girl, Mrs. Gabb.

MRS. GABB: Well, she's abominably dirty. She spoils everything she cooks, and she's lazy and impudent; but she has one good quality rarely met with.

"Indeed! What is that?"

"She stays."

WHY NOT ON ONE AS WELL AS THE OTHER



An ingenious device invented by a horse for adding to the comfort and beauty 'of man while exercising.



*Mrs. X.:* GOING TO CHURCH, THOMAS?

*Mr. X.:* YES, AS SOON AS I FINISH THIS SUNDAY PAPER.

*Mrs. X.:* GOODNESS! THERE ISN'T ANY SERVICE TO-MORROW, MY DEAR!



## THE LADIES OF SOROSIS.

A WORD FOR THE FOOLISH VIRGIN.

THE ladies of St. James's!  
You scarce can understand  
The half of all their speeches,  
Their phrases are so grand:  
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!  
Her shy and simple words  
Are clear—as after rain drops—  
The music of the birds.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

THE ladies of Sorosis  
Have such a nimble wit  
That men must c'er be jumping  
To guess the half of it;  
But Marjorie, the rosebud,  
Has left her books at school,  
And finds her fun in living,  
And dares to be a "fool."

The ladies of Sorosis  
Will talk you high and low  
Of ologies and isms,  
Of Schopenhauer and Poe;  
But Marjorie, the rosebud,  
Is willing just to dance  
And ride, and walk (a little),  
And wear a frock from France.

The ladies of Sorosis  
Will tell you how they fare  
In "managing their husbands"  
And having time to spare;  
But Marjorie, the rosebud,  
Is happy in to-day  
With cavaliers and candy,  
And flowers and matinee.

## LIFE'S LESSONS IN HISTORY.



JAN. 18, 1868.

ARREST OF GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, IN IRELAND, ON SUSPICION OF FENIANISM.

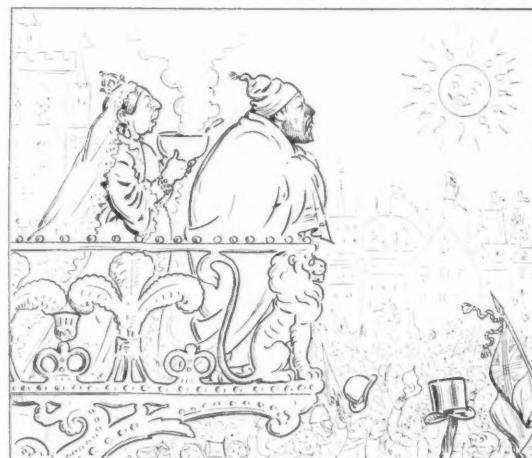
The ladies of Sorosis  
Have talked for many years  
About the "Sphere of Woman;"  
But still the truth appears  
That Marjorie, the rosebud,  
A-laughing at the ball,  
Is simpler than her sisters—  
Yet wiser than them all.

W. S. Moody, Jr.

YOUNG LAWYER: I claim the release of my client on the ground of idiocy. He is a stupid fool, and is not responsible for any act he may have committed.

JUDGE: He doesn't appear stupid to me.

PRISONER (*interrupting*): Your honor, look at the lawyer I've hired.



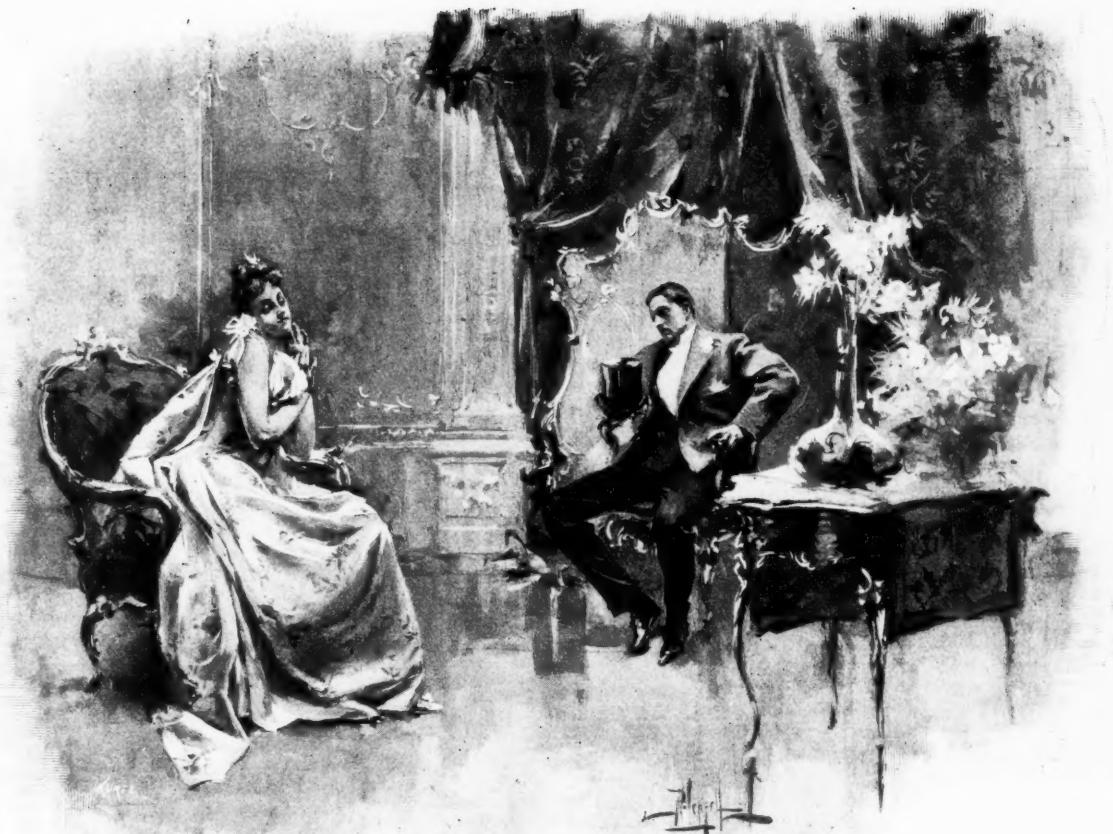
JAN. 21, 1872.

THANKSGIVING FOR THE RECOVERY OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.



JAN. 24, 1870.

PRINCE ARTHUR PRESENTED TO GENERAL GRANT.



*Young Cræsus*: YOU LOVE HIM?

*The Beauty*: MADLY.

*Young Cræsus*: THEN YOU WON'T MARRY ME?

*The Beauty*: WHY, CERTAINLY I WILL.

A POKER TERM.



"STANDING PAT."

THE CHEF-D' ŒUVRE.

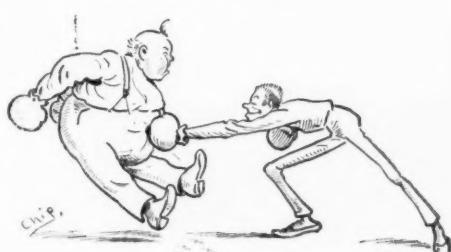
**M**R. IMPRESSIONIST: That's my last, there on the easel. Now, that *is* a picture, Squibs!

**S**QUIBS: Yes, so it is. I can tell that by the frame.

**L**OVE may be blind, but his sense of taste is very accurate; that is why the homely girl who can cook gets the husband while the pretty girl who doesn't know the difference between a mutton-chop and a Welsh rarebit, gets left.

A DEAD FAILURE.—Boulanger.

THEATRICAL TERMS.



A BOX SCENE.



## CHICAGO JUSTIFIED OF HER CHILDREN.

THE reason-for-being of Mr. Hobart C. Taylor's novel, "With Edge Tools" (McClurg) is to defend Chicago from the gibes of the humorous papers, explain the fictitious characters of *Mr. Breezy* and *Miss Lakeside* as they appear in LIFE, and justify Chicago society in the eyes of New York.

The way it is done is to transplant *Mr. Duncan Grahame*, one of the "smart set" in New York, to the metropolis of the West, and give him a chance at an ascending scale of gaieties—the opera, a tea, a dinner, and the Patricians' ball; and finally Derby day. *Mr. Grahame* had been well brought up in Connecticut, but a course in Yale college, Wall street, and the Staten Club of New York, had left him "shivering upon the cruel reefs of selfishness and debauchery—a designing, selfish disciple of utility." Still he kept a fine assortment of "crispy black curls" which never failed to impress the ladies, and his "beauty was of the vigorous type which wins admiration by its manliness rather than its perfection." With such an outfit *Mr. Grahame* is, in the earlier chapters, shown to be entangled in a desperate flirtation with another man's wife, which is rudely interrupted by a sudden trip to Chicago, to negotiate an elevator trust for some English capitalists.

He little knew the real nature of his expedition; it was designed by fate that he should represent New York in an inter-state flirtation with the wife of a Chicago banker who was discontented with the provincialism of a great city which still allows hundreds of "buggies" to be hitched along its principal business street. "An acquaintance with three languages, a season in London, and a winter in Washington" had elevated *Mrs. Roswell Sanderson* above the Chicago standard, and she was ready for a tussle with New York. It came with *Mr. Grahame*, who seemed to be an easy winner, from the afternoon tea to the Derby, but was unexpectedly knocked out in the last round by the diplomacy of *Mr. Sanderson*. He appeared such a model of tact and eloquence in a family-dinner debate with *Grahame* that *Mrs. Sanderson* concluded that good sense and plenty of money, with all the virtues, were better than a position in New York Society, a doubtful income, and most of the vices. She settled this question so quickly that *Grahame* was beaten before he knew it, and condemned to a dull existence in the windows of the Staten Club.

The curtain descends with *Mrs. Sanderson* vowing eternal love to her husband; refusing a cottage at Bar Harbor for the season because she wanted to be alone with him; and mentally calculating how she could keep up the love-feast and yet refuse to entertain all of his friends and relatives during the World's Columbian Exhibition.

\* \* \*

MANY of the criticisms of Chicago which are implied in Mr. Taylor's story need not have been raised at all by him—for no one acquainted with the best current of life there would doubt that they are unfair. He is often, therefore, in the position of one erecting a man of straw for the purpose of knocking it out.

The Chicago of the popular newspaper paragraph is partly built on very large and obvious commercial facts, and partly the creation of Col. Eugene Field, who knows what is funny when he sees it. If he does not see it he invents it.

The real Chicago is a tremendous concentration of energy and material forces with the limitations and incongruities which that implies. New York is an evolution from similar conditions, but Chicago has had to accomplish in twenty years many things for which New York took a century. To have done all this, and at the same time to have kept the habits of large hospitality, good-fellowship, and neighborliness which are associated with smaller towns is nothing that calls for severe ridicule. Chicago is big enough to stand it; and we are told, in the story, that even the *blasé Grahame*, when he returned to the Staten Club, was free to say:

"The women are dears, some of the men are queer, most of them are passable, and a few are the whitest chaps I ever came across. I was treated like a prince."

Then he went to a Turkish bath to soak out the coal-smoke which still clung to him, and eradicate a lake-breeze cough.

Droch.

## NEW BOOKS.

*By Land and Sea.* By Harriet E. Francis. Troy, N. Y.: Nimo and Knight.  
*Interference.* By B. M. Croker. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.  
*The Lady of Fort St. John.* By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.  
*A Romance of Two Brothers.* By Edgar Fawcett. New York: The Minerva Publishing Company.  
*A Ruby Beyond Price.* By Sir Gilbert Campbell, Bart. New York: The Minerva Publishing Company.  
*The Lost Colony.* By James F. Raymond. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.  
*The Duchess of Powysland.* By Grant Allen. Boston: Benj. R. Tucker.  
*A North Country Comedy.* By M. Betham-Edwards. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.  
*The Feast of the Virgins, and Other Poems.* By H. L. Gordon. Chicago: Laird and Lee.  
*The Princess Roubine.* By Henry Gréville. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.

## MOULDY MIKE OUTWITTED.

**R**AGGED ROBERT: What luck did yer have in that there restaurant?

MOULDY MIKE: (sadly): I got er big meal ther, reg'lar spread, but I had ter pay all th' money I had fer it. Ain't a cent left fer drinks.

RAGGED ROBERT (in disgust): Pay! Why didn't yer dead beat it an' let 'em send fer a perlicemon, as yuh said yuh would. Yer wouldn't a got more'n ten days.

MOULDY MIKE (pathetically): But they wasn't goin' ter send fer a perliceman. They was goin' ter send fer a stomach pump.

**S**TOKES: Those literary fellows are a jealous lot. They say that Howells doesn't think much of Dickens.

MALTBY: Yes; and Dickens didn't have a chance to think anything of Howells.

LOOKS LIKE SIXTY—LX.



A THING APART.

A PHILANTHROPIC IDEA.

HOWSON: I want to change this diary, that I bought on New Year's Day. The first ten pages of it are good but the rest cannot be written on.

STATIONER: The diary is made that way purposely. In ten days you won't want to write in it, so we give you your money's worth in shaving paper.

TANKS: The man who wrote "Twas off the Blue Canary Isles," had something to go along with that last cigar.

BANKS: What makes you think so?

TANKS: Did you ever see a blue canary?



*She:* Now, isn't this Parisian fashion of having the tables out of doors, charming! Why can't we have it so in New York?



ONE REASON WHY.

A MEAN TRICK.

"I CAN'T pay this bill, Doctor. It's exorbitant. I'm no better than I was, either."

"That's because you didn't take my advice."

"Ah—well—of course if I didn't take it I don't owe you for it. Thanks. Good morning."

"YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT FOOLS MEN ARE!"

"O YES—INDEED I HAVE! YOU DON'T SUPPOSE I'VE BEEN TO A SELECT BOARDING-SCHOOL FOR NOTHING, DO YOU?"





W. A. Rogers

## OUR MINISTER CHILD

• LIFE •



ISTER CHILI, AND HIS RECORD.

HERE IS THE RECORD WITH CHILI, WHO IS TO BLAME?

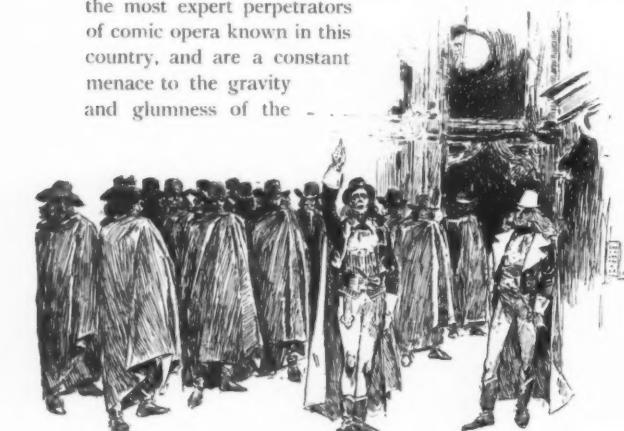




## FRANCIS WILSON TO THE BAR!

WILSON, you are an old offender. You have been brought before us several times under indictment for similar offences, and invariably have been found guilty. In the present case it is charged that by the aid and connivance of a woman named Jansen, and various other persons, you have lured and attracted to a building known as the Broadway Theater a large number of law-abiding citizens, and, having extracted various sums of money from them, have thereupon proceeded to split their sides and burst off their suspender buttons. With this end in view you have caused to be performed a comic opera entitled "The Lion Tamer." The aforesaid opera, it has been proved to our satisfaction, is admirably adapted to your purpose. Its dialogue is bright and funny to a remarkable degree, its music is original and sparkling, and it is excellently set and costumed. One of its strongest features is the way in which speech and

song are proportioned throughout. Of your accessories before and during the act, one Marie Jansen seems to be the principal offender. She is also well-known to us, and we repeat what we have said before, that you two together are the most expert perpetrators of comic opera known in this country, and are a constant menace to the gravity and glibness of the



THE OATH.



THE LION TAMER.

community. Your principal associate has added much to the success of your plans and will receive a sentence equal to yours. Your other associate, Laura Moore, is less guilty only because nature has not endowed her with equal powers. Neither in voice nor appearance is she very strongly qualified for the occupation in which we find her. We find Charles Plunkett and William Pruette, as well as the two colored boys, able accessories and aiding materially in your acts. In addition you have availed yourself of the services, as a chorus, of a number of younger, prettier and more shapely women than are usually employed in that capacity.

In your own case, Wilson, there are no mitigating circumstances. To be sure, your voice is nothing like as educated as your legs, but it seems to suffice to your purposes. You are a man of brains and you use them freely in your crimes against melancholy. That you do not descend to vulgarity makes you all the more dangerous to the risibles of the people you get together. Any one less graceful and less suave would naturally be less successful. You will now stand up while sentence is passed upon you.

No recommendation to mercy having been made, you are hereby sentenced to dance and sing and say clever things for the remainder of your natural life. And may your shadow never grow less.

Marie Jansen, alias *Angelina*, is hereby sentenced to perpetual youth and admiration for life, unless she should die sooner.

\* \* \*

A TEXAS cowboy was taking his first walk on Broadway last Tuesday evening. As he was passing the Broadway Theater he was surrounded by the ticket-speculators who infest its doorway.



ANGELINA.



THE RESCUE.

"Gentlemen," he exclaimed, as he threw up his hands, "I have been held up before. I don't happen to be heeled this time, so go ahead and take everything I've got."

\* \* \*

MESSRS. SANGER AND WILSON should be ashamed to tolerate this abuse. It is absurd to claim that they are powerless to prevent it because the speculators hold licenses from the city. Mr. Augustin Daly has successfully chased the Thugs away from his theater, and there is no reason why other managers should not do the same.

Besides, we do not believe that the city of New York, or any other corporation, has a right to license a public nuisance.

*Metcalfe.*



A PRECEDENT.

THE following report of an old English law case may be helpful to those of the rising generation who are hovering between the law and theology. A and B, the first a lawyer and the second a minister, brought an action of slander against C for calling them "durned fools." The learned Judge said that A could recover a verdict as it must tend to injure one in the legal profession, which requires discretion and reason, to have the reputation of a "durned fool." But the Judge said that B could not recover, as a man may be a "durned fool" and yet be a very good minister.



"TOSSING A COPPER."



AN INDUCEMENT.

*Ruralistic Customer* : HOW DOES IT LOOK ON ME ?  
*Dealer* (in hollow whisper) : MEIN FRENT, HAF YOU

AN ENEMY ?

*Ruralistic Customer* (amused) : YOU BET I HAVE,  
 THAT SI PERKINS—

*Dealer* (in still more hollow whisper) : YOU SCHOOST  
 PUY DOT CLODINGS, UNT VEAR IT SO YOUR ENEMY VILL  
 SEE IT, UNT HE VOS OF ENVY DIE RIGHT OFF.

## THE CONSOLATION OF THE SIX FOOTER.

"LITTLE maiden, tell me true,  
What sort of man most pleases you?"  
She blushed and hung her pretty head.  
"Tis Hymen I like best," she said.

## THE LOVE LETTER.

A YOUNG girl stands alone at the window of her chamber. Her pretty brow is wrinkled with a frown, and she taps nervously on the window pane with her delicate fingers. And as she does so she speaks half unconsciously to herself, "I love him—I love him—I love him." Then she looks anxiously up the street. "Why does he not write?"

she asks, and then answers herself, "He does not care for me. He has forgotten me—I love him."

She has thrown herself upon her white bed and is weeping in the agony of love, when the maid enters her room and gives her a letter from him. She looks at it languidly until the maid has retired. Then she opens it with feverish haste and reads. As she does so the look of despair on her face changes to one of disdain. She finishes the letter with a cold little laugh and throws it aside. "He loves me," she says now, "he loves me, but he has told me so too soon. Does he think that I am to be won in a week—in a day? I do not love him, I do not care for him, I detest him. I shall bid him go his way forever." And an hour later the maid posts a perfumed note that contains the single word, "Yes." *Tom Hall.*



LIFE'S RESEARCHES IN ROMAN RAILWAYS.—AFTER THE ACCIDENT.



A REMARK is attributed to Dr. Philpotts, Bishop of Exeter, which illustrates the bitterly contemptuous attitude of certain Anglicans towards Nonconformists. On a certain occasion, one of his clergy was lamenting to him the vast popularity of Mr. Spurgeon. "Oh, bishop," he exclaimed, "if we only had Mr. Spurgeon! What a pity the Baptists have him!" "Is it not written," the bishop replied, with some severity, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's ass?"—*Argonaut*.

HE: I think it's outrageous to pamper up a dog like that. It makes me sick to look at it. Haven't you anything better to do?

HIS RELATIVE (*savagely*): Well, I haven't a husband, and I must have a brute of some sort to look after.—*Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*.

THE BOSS: Look here, Tomson, you've painted that laundry sign "Laundry." What do you mean by such work as that?"

JOURNEYMAN: I dode dow how it was, udless its because I've got ad dawful cold id the head."—*Harper's Bazaar*.

A NOTED English bishop had for years nursed the fear that he would some day become paralyzed. On one occasion, at a dinner, he suddenly interrupted the guests at table by exclaiming that his worst fears had been realized at last; that he was paralyzed in his right leg; that he had been pinching his thigh for some moments, and was unable to detect the slightest feeling. A lady sitting next to him assured him that he was mistaken, for it was *her* leg he had been pinching instead of his, the silk of the lady's dress being difficult to detect from the silk of the bishop's robe. He was cured.—*Argonaut*.

HANS VON BULOW, on one occasion, rebuked the feminine half of an oratorio chorus, which he was rehearsing. While the tenors and basses were singing their parts, the sopranos and altos indulged in conversation. They were called to order several times, but paid no attention. Finally, Von Bulow rapped upon his desk, and called out: "Ladies, Rome does not have to be saved to-night," which remark produced the desired effect, to the delight of the men and the chagrin of the women.—*Argonaut*.

BELATED TRAVELLER: How far is it from here (*hic*) to Charing Cross?

POLICEMAN: Fifteen minutes' walk.

BELATED TRAVELLER: For (*hic*) me or for (*hic*) you?—*Xenophon's Book of Etiquette*.

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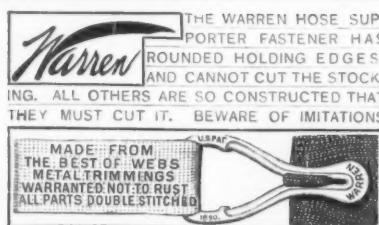
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RICHARD: You don't mean it?

WILLIAM: You see, I'd made up my mind about a week ago to bring matters to a crisis. So I began by saying that I had a question I wanted to ask her.

RICHARD: Yes?

WILLIAM: She tossed her head and said any fool could ask questions.

RICHARD: And you?

WILLIAM: I merely told her perhaps it would be just as well, then, to let some fool ask my question. — *Boston Transcript*.



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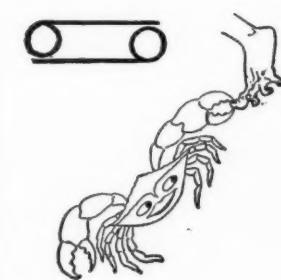
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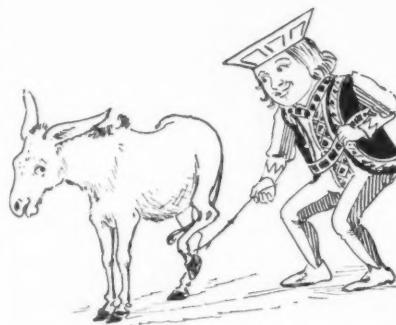
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